

KRS-One Lyrics

"Achieving The Levels"

(Ok I see how you doin' it, that was dope
I got this gutter shit lined up, I know you ain't tired)

(What? Ha ha ha. Really?)

I ain't even tryin' or peekin'
I just ripped a club down last weekend
I'm no trick but I'm treating rappers like Halloween
They all costume no substance and that's what hollow means
They really empty like a lot of fiends
They holding a hundred but they don't really know what a one dollar means
They slaves to slave economies
Sellouts and traitors posing as hip-hop, we got a lot of these
So I be spittin' my philosophies with evidence
No doubt this is the route so why the hesitance?

Is it because I'm spittin' with divine intelligence and excellence and you hearing rhymes that are irrelevant?

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, KRS is how I'm spellin' it
The top one of the top five and that's the end of it
I judge my pen when I sentence it

Then imprison your mind with my penmanship, but here's some better shit
Get with me, you forgot? Let me jog your memory
I'm a poor righteous teacher and a public enemy
Fake ass DJs, they do not play or even mention me
I'm scary, revolutionary. Fake? I will never be
Real I'll forever be
I'm a whole different entity

I spit rhymes by the mouth and by telepathy
Health love awareness and wealth, that's the recipe
I'm 50 and 20 year olds can't match the energy
On stage I'm in a rage, yeah it's like 10 of me
Disrespect the teacher, you know the penalty
KRS-One, I'm from a whole different century

I'm paid in full so you can ch-ch-check out my melody
Murderin' mics, they chargin' me with a felony
But I can't be caught because the ancestors dwell in me
Movin' with hesitancy when you mentionin' me

I'm an original MC, get your T-I-C-K-E-T
The mic grabber, beat stabber, street grammar, heat blaster

I stay chunky and hungry so I eat faster
Gobble gobble gobble most rappers are hollow
So KRS-One becomes that hard act to follow
Hard beats, hard rhymes, hard cuttin'

"Wha-dot-dot-dot-dang!" gets the whole place jumpin'
This is that original Boogie Down Productions

Last of them true MCs that still function
Boom bap, boom bap

When the mic turns on, dudes be like, "Who's that?"
Crowd rushin' in, security's like, "Move back!"

Real skill, that's what a lot of you lack
I'm turnin' on my mic to reveal a new batch
Rappers say they great, but compared to Kris, who match?
Amber alert on the phone when you snatched
How you a DJ? You ain't even start from scratch

(Yeah I know you waitin', I'm just messin' with the reverb a little bit, just keep goin' and I'll tell you when to stop)

You still here? It ain't over yet
Knowledge reigns, so I'ma leave 'em soaking wet
If you listenin' to a legend, this is what you supposed to get
Real skill, my utmost respect, or a broken neck
Flawless rawness I pour this through the cordless, all this is lawless
I'm the tallest, people say, "Give me more Kris!"
You can't ignore this you know you saw this, the extensive tallest is flawless
We on this because dope is what they call this
utter the number one, he comes from under from the hood when the hood was a hood and it
peaked in summer
We used to speak our rhymes to Funky Drummer
We called it The Dozens, a competition of words, jokes about your mother
Now knowledge reigning supreme like no other
The soul brother whose beats and words so gutter
No wonder this brother when he utters you don't blow
Not with the gun though, with the one flow, you like, "Fuck no!"
This no luck though, I'm one bro
You can now catch me teaching in Brick City at 55 Ludlow
Dudes be like, "Uh oh, we in trouble"
King of the jungle, no time to mumble, kingdom's gonna crumble
umble I bee like bumble a one-two to run to a traitor like fuck you and bring the truck through
I gets down but you can't see what I'm up to
I'm tacklin' rappers like, "Hut one! Hut two!"
When I come through

(Ok ok we good, let's change up the flow)